

Halloween II

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Summary: Laurie Strode is sent to Haddonfield hospital. Meanwhile, Micheal looks for shelter. He heals his bullet wounds and finds out Laurie's location. He kills the entire staff and is thirsty...for Laurie's blood. Read and find out if Laurie will survive yet another one of Micheal Meyers' killing games.

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Previously on Halloween

On Halloween of 1963, Micheal Meyers killed his sister, Judith. Before being sent to Smithgrove Sanitarium, he vowed to kill his other sister, Laurie. Mrs. Meyers had an affair with Mr. Meyers, and they split up. Mrs. Meyers got custody of Laurie, and got married to Theodore Strode. They raised Laurie to believe she was Theodore's daughter and lived a happy, normal life until Halloween of 1978, shortly after Micheal escaped from Smithgrove. He killed all her friends, and came extremely close to killing Laurie. But when Micheal got shot off a balcony, he got up and walked away.

Prologue

October 31**st****, 1978**

Laurie Strode was strapped onto a gurney and put in the back of an ambulance. Dr. Sam Loomis, who wasn't injured at least, not enough to be put in the emergency room. "I have to find that motherfucker," the man muttered. How could a person just get stabbed in the eye according to Laurie get shot six times, get shot off a balcony, then just walk away. But deep down, Dr. Loomis knew why.

Because it was Micheal Meyers. And Micheal Meyers was the

boogeyman.

Loomis watched the sun come up. Just like that, it was November.

November 1st, 1978

Alice Wallace poured sweet-smelling coffee into an "I HATE MORNINGS MORE THAN I HATE MONDAYS," mug. Alice was 18, and had just moved out of her parent's four story masterpiece, and was now living in a two-story house that was...decent...enough.

She set the mug on the coffee table and picked up the receiver off her red lips phone. She dialed her parent's house. Her mother answer-ed. Alice had hoped it would be her younger sister, Lindsay. She was-n't in the mood for her mother's shit. "Hello?" Mrs. Wallace greeted. "Hi, mom," Alice said, gripping the counter, preparing herself.

"Alice, dear. It's been ages." _It's been days, _Alice thought, irr-ated. "Hi, can I talk to Lindsay?" "Oh," Mrs. Wallace said, "This is-n't the best time for Lindsay." "What do you mean?" asked Alice. "We-ll, last night, her baby-sitter dropped her off at the neighbor's ho-use, then came back here, to get something, I guess, and got killed! Then, the neighbor's had a baby-sitter too, and it was the murderer's sister! Of all people! So the guy's trying to kill her, and she sends the kids to the other neighbor's, trying to get them out of harm's w-ay, and then I don't know what the hell happened. I don't know if the girl is still alive or what, but I found two dead kids in our house, a boy and a girl...the girl could be it, right?"

Alice stood in her kitchen, her jaw touching the ground. Her moth-er said all of this as if it happened every day.

"Mom, I gotta go," Alice said, and hung up. She was scared now. H-er mother hadn't mentioned anything about the killer going to jail or dying...

The doorbell rang, making Alice jump out of her skin. She walked to the foyer and opened the front door. A man in a white mask stood there, holding a kitchen knife. There were six bullet holes in his s-tomach and chest. "It's not Halloween anymore. Your pranks aren't fu-nny, just annoying." Alice said. She closed the door, but the man bl-ocked her. He walked in and shut the door. "What the hell...?" Micheal Meyers shoved the knife into Alice's head.

Alice fell to the ground. Micheal walked to the kitchen and picked up the coffee mug. He took off his mask and took a few short sips.

Once he sowed up the bullet holes, he would kill Laurie.

Micheal turned on the radio. An idiot was talking. "So, this crazy b-itc-h, Laurie Strode, just almost got killed last night. And she's at Haddonfield Hospital...,"

That was all Micheal needed to hear.

One:

Good Morning!

**P.S. You Were Just **

Almost Killed

November 2nd, 1978

Laurie Strode woke up in an unfamiliar room full of unfamiliar objects with an unfamiliar nurse standing above her. "What the hell?" Laurie asked. All she could remember was waking up that morning...but the rest of Halloween was a blur.

"Miss Strode," the nurse said. "Do you remember anything from two days ago?" Laurie shook her head no. A doctor walked in. "As I said before, her mind has gone under so much stress and fear, that it's caused her to block out anything from the 31st."

"What happened on the 31st?" Laurie asked, confused on so many levels. The nurse licked her lips. "You were almost killed," the nurse said. "By your brother."

"What?" Laurie asked. "I'm an only child." The nurse looked confused, but the doctor walked up. "Laurie, when you were a baby, your brother, Micheal Meyers, killed your older sister, Judith. Your mother re-married, and raised you to believe that Theodore Strode was your father." Laurie gasped. She was...Laurie Meyers?

Her close friend, Jimmy Lloyd, walked in, holding flowers. "Hey, Laurie. I heard what happened to you. Are you okay?"

Laurie looked at the doctor, then the nurse, then Jimmy. She certainly was NOT okay.

Two hours later, after the memories of the 31st had rushed back to her mind, she told Jimmy everything, from waking up that morning, to this current moment. "Wow," said Jimmy. He had been hanging onto every single word. He leaned in and hugged her.

"AAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHH!" Laurie shrieked. Jimmy's leg had smushed her's, which had a deep gash (which her memory recovered getting)

The head nurse rushed in. "Miss Strode, what's wrong?!" "Jimmy just leaned onto my bad leg. I'm okay."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Laurie!" Jimmy jumped off the bed.

The head nurse glared at Jimmy, then walked out.

Laurie lied in bed in the middle of the night, not being able to fall asleep. And when she did, she had an awful nightmare.

Laurie lied on the floor, crying. This Halloween sucked. The man in the white mask walked into Tommy's room. Laurie rolled over and shrieked. She crawled into the closet and locked the door. She whimpered. She was going to die.

She pulled her knees to her chest. The man in the white mask

punc-hed the wood open. He punched and punched until he punched out the l-ight bulb. Laurie grabbed a coat hanger and untwisted it. She jabbed the man in the eye, sending him flying backward. She dropped the coat hanger. The man got back up. She widened her eyes. HOW WAS HE STILL ALIVE?! He was just about to stab her in the heart as...A BULLET FLEW THROUGH HIS STOMACH. Then two more. The man swiveled around._

Laurie didn't see exactly what happened next, but she heard another gunshot. She ducked her head out. A man in a coat was shooting the man in the white mask. He shot him over and over, till the man in the mask fell through the window.

The man turned around. Laurie had seen him on a billboard once. H-is name was Dr. Sam Loomis. He reached out his hand, and Laurie took it. He helped her up.

Dr. Loomis looked out the window and widened his eyes. "What?" as-ked Laurie. "WHAT?!" She got up and ran to the window. The space whe-re the man...Micheal Meyers...had been lying, was empty.

Micheal Meyers was alive. And at large.

And free to kill Laurie whenever he wanted to.

Laurie jerked up, in the present now, shrieking. That had been the worst nightmare she'd ever had...and the worst part was...

IT HAD HAPPENED.

Jimmy, who was sleeping on the chair, jerked up. "What?" he exclai-med, concerned. Laurie was shaking on the bed, drooling. It looked like she was having a seizure. Jimmy thought she was...

Just then, the doctor ran in. "Miss Strode!" he exclaimed. "Gabri-ella, get Miss Strode's medication! QUICK!"

TWO:

Dr. Loomis is on

the Hunt

November 3rd, 1978

Loomis had searched everywhere. The Meyer house (the most likely pla-ce), the Strode house, the Doyle house, and the Wallace house. Where else was there? Loomis looked at the house across from the Walllace's estate. There was blood splattered on the window.

He sprinted across the Wallace's lawn to the house. He banged on the door and waited five seconds. No one answered. He kicked the door open with BOOM! He ran inside. A young girl, probably in her teens lied on the floor, a stab wound on her forehead. Dr. Loomis gasped. He walked further into the house, grasping his gun. If Micheal was in here, all Loomis would have to do is shoot him in the neck until his head fell off, and then if he didn't die, well, Micheal Meyers was a zombie, for Christ's sake.

The rest of the house was empty. He heard no breathing, and he saw no other dead bodies. But he noticed a sewing kit on the counter. Th-in white string and two needles sat there. Micheal had sewn up his b-ullet holes. Loomis sighed.

Would Micheal Meyers ever die?

Three:

You Know Something's

Wrong When the Phone

Isn't Working

Laurie opened her eyes. Where was Jimmy? "Jim...my...?" she asked, leaning up. The man in the white mask, er...Micheal Meyers, stood over here, holding a shining kitchen knife. He was just about to inject it into her face as...

she woke up.

Laurie heard shrieking. She realized it was her's. The doctor sat on the counter. "Oh, Lord." Laurie breathed. It was a dream. "You mi-ght find yourself having nightmares a lot, I'm afraid. And, I'm just being honest with you, they might never go away." the doctor said.

"Never?"

"Never. But there's only a chance. And, even if the nightmares ne-ver do go away, you'll probably get used to them after a few years. A few years?", Laurie thought. She wasn't sure if the doctor realized it but nothing he was saying was comforting. Then she realized something Jimmy wasn't here.

"Where's Jimmy?" Laurie asked, breathless. "Oh, he went to the di-ner to get some food. He hasn't eaten since he's been here, you know. Every time I offered him a snack, he turned it down. Is here your... boyfriend?" the doctor said.

"Oh, no!" Laurie said. "We're just...friends...", "You don't so-und so sure." the doctor said. "Listen, your supposed to be my doctor not my life adviser, alright? So lay off the advice." Laurie sank in-to the uncomfortable hospital bed. On instinct, she picked up the ph-one to kill Annie. But then she remembered. Annie was dead.

And Linda. And Bob. But at least she had Jimmy.

She would always have Jimmy.

Laurie pretended to be asleep, hoping the doctor would leave. He stayed put.

She sighed and picked up the receiver to the phone. The tone was dead. "Dr. Smith...", Laurie said. "My phone's not working." "Huh?" Dr. Smith asked. "The tone's dead." Laurie replied. Dr. Smith walked to her, as if he didn't believe her. He put the receiver to his ear. "Well, that's odd. Let me try the hall phone."

He walked outside and came back twelve seconds later. "That one i-sn't working, either. Do you have a portable phone?" Laurie laughed. Were portable phones even a thing? Dr. Smith realized how stupid that question was. "Right....," he said. "Listen, Miss Strode, I'll get the phone's working as soon as I can. In the meantime, I'll find a Pac-M-an game for you to play with or something."

Dr. Smith left the room, leaving Laurie worried. The phone's were working just fine the other day. She had a sinking feeling that Micheal had something to do with this.

Four:

That's Your Fault

for Dressing Like

a Serial Killer

Nervously, Loomis knocked on the Brackett's front door. Sheriff Brac-kett answered the door. "Sheriff Brackett," Loomis said, "I know that Micheal Meyers got poor Annie. And I'm very, very, extremely sorry. That's why I'm here. I plan to kill that motherfucking son of a bitch and I plan to do it very soon. I want you to help me. I know that yo-ur a very strong man, and I know that you literally want to kill that monster. Are you in?" Sheriff Brackett nodded.

"Let's go avenge my daughter." he said, and grabbed his gun.

It didn't take that long of driving in Sheriff Brackett's police car to see Micheal walking on the side of the street. Sheriff Brackett r-olled down the window and shot him like there was no tomorrow.

Micheal fell to the ground. They ran out. Loomis pulled off the m-ask. Micheal was...blonde. "Wait....," Loomis said. Something was wro-ng here. "THIS ISN'T MICHEAL!" Loomis bellowed. He turned the body o-ver. "Shit," Sheriff Brackett said. "This is Ben Tramer. Annie went to school with him. I think Laurie has a crush on him. Aw, shit, Loo-mis! What are we going to do?!"

Five:

Good Thing They're

Already in a Hospital...

Micheal held a claw hammer in his hand. Garrett, a fat security guard who was guarding the door, got stabbed in the face with it. Micheal walked in.

>Karen, the nurse companion, stood in front of a hot tub, trying to get it to the right temperature. Micheal grabbed her, and her hand d-ialed it too far. Micheal threw Karen in, and her skin burned off.<p>

Laurie saw this, and fled just in time.

She grabbed the receiver and remembered. She was trapped. She ran to the front entrence. She had to get out of here.

Six:

Laurie's Man is Abandoning

Her

Jimmy pulled into the hospital parking lot. He got out of the car and trudged to the front entrance. He was so damn tired from being in the hospital all day and night.

Garrett, the security guard, wasn't there anymore. Jimmy was pissed. Laurie was almost KILLED, and they didn't even have someone guarding the place! Jimmy stormed in, and slipped on the floor. He hit his head. Hard.

Shakily, he got up and walked to the car, not thinking straight. He sat down in the front seat of the car.

He had a concussion.

Seven:

Time to Die, You

Son of a Bitch!

A nurse, Jill, found Laurie running to the entrance. "Miss Strode, what are you doing?" she asked. "Micheal! Micheal Meyers! He's here!" Laurie shrieked, desperate. "Miss Strode, are you sure this wasn't just another nightmare?" Jill asked.

"No, he drowned Nurse Karen in a hot tub!" Laurie grabbed Jill's arm. Why the hell wasn't she listening. Then she looked down at her bracelet. LAURIE C. STRODE: MENTAL PATIENT.

"Wait, you think I'm nuts?" Laurie asked. "Oh, no...." Jill said. Just then, Micheal came walking towards them. Jill's back was to him. "J-J-J-Jill...Meyers...Micheal...behind...turn...AAAAAAAAGGGHH!" Laurie ran away just as Micheal stabbed Jill in the back.

Laurie shrieked and ran out into the parking lot. She ran through the sea of cars, seeing each one had been flattened. She finally found Jimmy's car. She swung open the door and crawled under the glove compartment. "DRIVE! MICHEAL'S HERE!"

Jimmy stayed put. "JIMMY!" Laurie shrieked. "OH, FUCK YOU!" Laurie bellowed, and ran out the door. Loomis, a nurse, and Sheriff Brackett ran into the parking lot. They saw a shrieking Laurie in a hospital gown. "Laurie!" Mr. Brackett said. "What's wrong, dear?"

"Dr. Loomis!" Laurie exclaimed. "Micheal's here! He killed Jill, and Karen, and Garrett, and probably a bunch of other people!" The nurse and Sheriff Brackett ran to Sheriff Brackett's car to call for help. Laurie saw Micheal walk up to the car and slit both their throats. Loomis saw, too.

They ran to the operating room. Micheal followed. Laurie grabbed Loomis' gun and shot both his eyes out. He blindly swung at them with his knife. Loomis saw gasoline. He grabbed it, and poured it onto Micheal, and all around the room. He grabbed matches and lit the

place on fire. Loomis grabbed Laurie and carried her out to the parking lot just in time to see Haddonfield hospital explode.

Laurie lied on a gurney, in the back of an ambulance. Why did this seem familiar? A man lied next to her. "NO!" Laurie shrieked. The man jerked up, and Laurie sighed in relief. It was only Jimmy.

THE END

P.S. There is a Halloween III, it's just not based off Season of the Witch. And if you see any words with a dash through the middle, that's because the program I use to write these is worded differently.

-Nickolodeonrox2355

End
file.